THE

WEEKLY REVIEW,

AND

DRAMATIC CRITIC.

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"Corn Cobs"—"Tarnation Strange."—(*concluded.*)

PRICE 2d.

EDINBURGH:
H. ROBINSON, 11 GREENSIDE STREET.
GLASGOW: LOVE, NELSON STREET; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Green Room Gossip.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—An extraordinary occurrence took place during Jullien's Masquerade, at Drury Lane Theatre. A young woman, named Murray, connected with the pit saloon of the Princess's Theatre, entered a private box too hastily and incautiously, and in consequence stepped so far forward as to topple over, and fall headlong into the pit. Fortunately for her she struck a chandelier in her descent, and unfortunately for a Mr Ray of York Street, Covent Garden, she alighted on his shoulders, which "broke her fall," but sent him home in a battered condition. Upon regaining her footing, she limped off to a neighbouring refreshment room, where some brandy revived her. She suffered nothing but a few severe bruises on her back, while Mr Ray is only now recovering from the effects of the visitation.

STRAND THEATRE, LONDON.—*Directress Miss R. Isaacs* This Theatre opens under the lessee-ship of Mr Allcroft, with "La Sonnambula," in which our great favourite and sweet warbler, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, plays *Amina*, after which, for the first time in England, a Pantomime, played entirely by children, called "Harlequin and Gulliver, or the Clown in Lilliput."

At the Middlesex Sessions, Thomas Bowditch, aged 25, pleaded guilty to an indictment in which he was charged with having stolen several sums of money, amounting to £10 16s. 6d., the monies of William Farren, his master, lessee of the Olympic Theatre, who employed the prisoner as his messenger. The Court sentenced him to one year's hard labour.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.—On Saturday, the 18th inst., Miss Rebecca Isaacs concluded her engagement, being the last night of the season pior to Christmas. The performances were "Hamlet" and the "Dumb Belle," in which Miss Isaacs sustained the principal feminine characters. We have often noticed Mr Swinbourn's excellent portraiture of the philosophic Dane, but on this evening, *prae aliis*, his careful impersonation elicited the plaudits of the entire audience. Miss Isaacs was every thing that could be desired in *Ophelia*, and on the conclusion of the piece, she and Mr Swinbourn were called before the curtain.

WEEKLY REVIEW,

&c. &c.

No. 6.] FRIDAY, DEC. 31, 1852. [Price 2d.

Edinburgh Amusements.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Monday.—The attempt to notice any other performance than the pantomime, during the holiday week, would be considered downright nonsense. We, therefore, set to with a right good will, and begin by saying, that "Lord Lovelle and Nancye Bell" is the most splendid pantomime we have had in Edinburgh for many years, and does infinite credit to all concerned. The scenery is magnificent—the dresses and properties most appropriate and effective. The beautiful effect of the first scene, namely, "The Haunt of the Fairies, by Moonlight," as the curtain rose, fairly took the audience by surprise. The applause was tremendous. The grand "Pas de Lanterns," by the sylph-like Adele, and the ladies of the corps de ballet, was charmingly executed.

The business and story of the evening, which, by the bye, has little to do with the celebrated song of Lord Lovel, so inimitably sung by our comic friend, Sam Cowell, is so clearly described in the bills, that we may be excused giving it. We ought not, however, to pass over, without notice, the admirable scenes of the "Castle of Lord Lovelle, by Sunrise," the "Grand Banqueting Hall of the Castle," the "Haunted Chamber," and the "Crystal Hall of Emerald Fountains." They prove Mr Tannett to be a first-rate artist.

The characters of Harlequin and Columbine were cleverly personated by Mr Leopold and Miss Bufton. In the course of the pantomimic scenes, they introduced a great variety of dances, for which they received a full share of well-merited applause. We have often mentioned Mr Wooldridge as one of the most attentive and useful members of this establishment, but must confess we were not prepared to expect he would fill the very difficult part of Clown in the pantomime. He, however, got through it with great ability. The comic business was well got up, and was received with delight by the happy juveniles in the boxes, and other parts of the house; but, in fair honesty, we should also state that the old folk seemed as much pleased as the young ones. At the end, the principal characters were called before the curtain; after which there was a general demand for Mr Leslie, who came forward and thanked his patrons for their support and encouragement, at the same time stating that the outlay for the Pantomime had been enormous, little less than a thousand pounds; but that he and his partner were determined to spare no expense in rendering the Theatre Royal worthy the high character it has alway

sustained. We feel assured that "Lord Lovelle and Nancye Bell" will have a most successful run.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Monday, Dec. 27.—Jane Shore—Lord Lovelle and Nancye Bell.
Tuesday, Dec. 28.—The Merchant of Venice—Lord Lovelle and Nancye Bell.
Wednesday, Dec. 29.—Jane Shore—Lord Lovelle and Nancye Bell.
Thursday, Dec. 30.—The Orphan of Glencoe—Lord Lovelle and Nancye Bell.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

The great attraction at both theatres, at this season, is of course the Pantomimes—and it must be admitted that never before were such amusements got up in such style in Edinburgh. Great expense must have been incurred by the management at both houses, and we are glad to think that the outlay is likely to be realized, with a handsome profit to boot, if we may judge from the crowded audiences. If the masks of former days were at all like those we have had the pleasure witnessing this season, we do not wonder at their being enjoyed by the court and higher classes of the time—for, of a verity, they are well calculated to amuse both young and old. We quote the following very excellent description of the Pantomime at the Adelphi from the *Courant*, in which we entirely concur. We would only remark of ourselves that the scenery is of the most gorgeous description, and the plot, though by no means original, is excellent:—

"The new grand Christmas Pantomime at the Adelphi, which is stated to have been in preparation for some months, was produced on Saturday evening, with triumphant success. Casting aside the old and worn-out nursery legends which have so often formed the ground-work of these annual entertainments, the Manager has entered the realms of chivalry, and embodied in a story of some interest the achievements of knighthood for the rescue of imprisoned beauty. It is evident that much time and expense have been lavished upon the production; and from its fine scenery, picturesque groupings, and brilliant costumes, it is, in our estimation, quite a masterpiece in this branch of the dramatic art.

"The curtain rising displays the interior of an Arab hut, on the banks of the Nile, with the pyramids in the distance. It is a fine scene, and at once arrests attention. The inmates of the hut being asleep, the fairy tribe enter and enjoy a dance, to the music of a choral band of invisible sylphs. Mirza, the Arab boy, on rising from his slumbers, is acquainted by the aerial visitants of the imprisonment of the Queen of Beauty, and at once resolves upon her rescue. In an instant his humble apparel is transformed into more brilliant attire; and, with crested helm and glittering spear, he issues forth, the Knight of the Shield of Adamant, to do battle—as Spencer writes in his Faery Queen—

'Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.'

"The next scene—one of varied and surpassing beauty—represents the Dragon's lake of enchantment, and the exterior of the Castle of Rubies, with its hundred turrets, by sunset. For the first time in the progress of the story we are introduced to the king of the stronghold—the formidable Grim-Von-Vie-Griffinhoof, who, as we are informed, is sole inventor of the 'Lucifer matches.' His court, composed of ogres, imps, and demons, of preposterous ugliness, is in attendance; and we witness in a short time some interesting illustrations of demoniac etiquette and discipline. Upon the entrance of the Knight, with his servant Korac, a merry sprite, the story waxes quite melodramatic. Notwithstanding all the arts of magic, the gallant youth enters the castle, determined to conquer or die! The demons, with reckless infatuation, rush upon destruction, though, for a time, victory seems to waver. Fortune, however, smiles upon the champion, and the demons are finally vanquished. Still, the dangers of the enterprise do not end here. Exhausted and overcome, the knight is attacked by a horrid dragon, and it is only after a long and exciting combat that the magic yew branch is recovered. So far success has attended the attempt to liberate the enchanted captive from the power of the evil genii. Next we are transported to the coral retreat of the Niaides on the island of the golden waters. The scenery and grouping of this fairy retreat are quite poetic—the artist showing in its treatment great imagination and power of touch. Some very graceful Terpsichorean tableaux, effected by sylph-like girls, tastefully attired, complete the *mise en scene*. The elegance, precision, and refinement of their movements excited the highest admiration. Indeed, it was felt that 'each step was beauty—every motion grace.' Since the Viennese *troupe*, we have not seen such artistic execution, combined with so much freshness and piquancy. The grouping, also, was arranged with an eye to effect, and reflected honour on the taste and judgment of all concerned. After some other scenes of exquisite beauty, the first part ends with the 'aerial bowers of the fairy island.' In this scene the artist seems to have expended his utmost ingenuity—scenic, decorative, and mechanical. The effect in consequence is gorgeous in the extreme. It is designed to celebrate the release of the captive maid, discovered reposing on a silken couch—

> 'Oh! she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
> Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear!'

The whole forms a vista of ravishing beauty and enchantment, especially when lit up with the radiance of coloured fires of every tint and hue.

"Upon the mystic transformations being effected, the fun begins. It would be unjust at once to the public and to the management to enter upon any description of this department. Several of the scenes are local; but, in the course of mirth and humour, we visit the diggings, Leith Roads, and the Arctic regions with equal facility and success. This part of the pantomime, however, is not beyond—if, indeed, it may be held to attain—the average of these compositions. Few witty allusions are made to the passing follies of the hour; and there is an

absence of those pungent strokes of satire and humour which impart so much zest to burlesque. Yet there is enough to laugh at; while the exertions of all engaged are highly commendable. The harlequin (M. St Ody) has the advantage of lightness of figure and rapidity of motion. Columbine (Miss M. Butler) is nimble and lively; and harlequina (Miss Weiss) clever and agile. The pantaloon (Mr Carroll) bears his ill-usage with exemplary fortitude; and the clown (Mr Paul Pietro), with amusing flexibility of feature and limb, keeps the house in constant convulsions of laughter. The gymnastic feats are entertaining without being repulsive. The sprite (Mr Woodward) is deserving of especial eulogy, for his lively gambols and litheness of limb. Generally, the tricks and transformations were effected with neatness and celerity. In short, we record our conviction that the scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, were altogether admirable. The scenery was designed and executed by Messrs Channing, Selwin, and Bough; and the machinery by Mr Rough—the whole being produced under the immediate direction of Mr and Mrs Wyndham, who have, on this occasion, besides all their other efforts to contribute to the public amusement, earned the gratitude of the theatre-going part of the community, by their taste, enterprise, and liberality."

The regular dramatic performances of the week present no new feature of interest, the pieces having been all recently performed and commented upon. In "The Green Hills of the Far West," we may remark that Mr Davenport ably enacts the part originally sustained here by Mr Powrie.

The operatic party closed their short but brilliant engagement here on Friday night last; but we observe that Mr Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne intend giving a concert on the 4th of next month.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, Dec. 24.—Maritana—Roland for an Oliver.
Saturday, Dec. 25.—My Poll and My Partner Joe—The Ocean Queen.
Monday, Dec. 27.—The Green Hills of the Far West—The Ocean Queen.
Tuesday, Dec. 28.—Armand—The Ocean Queen.
Wednesday, Dec. 29.—The Two Friends—The Ocean Queen.
Thursday, Dec. 30.—Brutus—The Ocean Queen.

MR BARTLEY'S FAREWELL TO THE STAGE, AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

According to public advertisements for some time in circulation, Mr Bartley's retiring benefit took place on the 18th instant. It was honoured with the patronage of her Majesty, and, as might have been supposed, the theatre was crowded.

The play selected on this occasion was "King Henry the Fourth," in which Mr Bartley enacted the fat knight, glorious *Jack Falstaff*, a character in which he has gained much celebrity. In reference to

this particular fact, and, in short, his whole theatrical history, and professional as well as private reputation, (for Mr Bartley has always been admired for his social worth, as well as for his abilities as an actor) we have often expressed our opinion. It is as well to repeat, however, the remarkable circumstance, that his benefit night completed a period of exactly fifty years that Mr Bartley has been actor; and this says something for his extraordinary stamina, and lasting energy, for he retires in the full possession of his faculties and capabilities but little impaired by time, and the extraordinary tear and wear of an actor's life.

It would be superfluous to particularise his merits as a comedian. They are very great, and have been highly estimated in the metropolis. His Sir John Falstaff, although not faultless, is better than that of any other actor now living. He was most heartily greeted on this occasion. His friends and admirers enthusiastically cheered him upon his first entrance, during the performance, and still more so on his last exit. He delivered, at the close of the piece, a farewell address, which was appropriately and well expressed in the following words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—This night, fifty years ago—this very night—the night of the week, and the date of the month, I had the honour to appear in London, and to make my bow before your sires and grandsires. (Cheers.) Believe me, it is something more than mere vanity that induces me, now that the long play is over, to offer one parting word to their children. The years behind me are very many, those before are few indeed; and I quit the mimic scene to prepare, as is the common lot, for another, a more real, and a final leave-taking. As I stand before you here, grateful for the kindest appreciation of the poorest services, it is impossible for me not to recall vividly the expectation and hope with which my boyish heart, half a century ago, beat when I first trod the London boards. The hope I entertain now is, that whatever may have been my imperfections as an artist, I have not thrown discredit upon my art. (Immense applause.) The expectation that I feel—not, I trust, an unwarrantable one—is, that I may at length retire into privacy with the good wishes of my latest, but certainly not my oldest and least indulgent patrons.

"A few years ago, ladies and gentlemen, soldiers were still living, who could tell of their deeds when they were out in the "45." I am one of an old company, made up of names that sound traditional in your ears. John Bannister was my brother actor, Mrs Jordan played Rosalind at old Drury, when my youthful ambition was gratified to the top of its bent, and I was permitted to act the part of Orlando. (Applause.) I will not weary you by reference to other worthies—and I mention these two, because, whilst to my latest hour it will be a source of the deepest pride to me that I have acted with some of the most renowned of English players, it is also my highest pleasure to feel that I was honoured with their confidence and friendship to the last. That I have been so favoured—that I have furthermore received here from Mr and Mrs Kean (great cheering), at the close of my labours, tokens of personal regard and esteem to which I can-

not be insensible—is matter of little moment to the public; but my fellow players, whom on retiring this night I leave behind me, will, I am sure, value at its full worth, the parting legacy which assures them that no position in a theatre is too humble to exclude a man from respect, if he will only persevere, take pains, and respect himself. (Immense applause.)

"For the gracious and illustrious patronage which has cheered my declining days, and which sheds happiness on this parting moment, I have only to present the offering of a most grateful and overflowing heart. At such a moment I may crave pardon for referring with pride to the Royal countenance which has been bestowed upon my art, albeit, through the medium of the very humblest of its votaries.—(Cheers.)

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have no right to presume upon your indulgence by detaining you for another instant. I could not deny myself the satisfaction of saying "good bye;" and, having said it, I have only further to thank you most heartily and sincerely for your kind remembrance of one whom you might easily have been pardoned for forgetting, and to wish you all happiness and prosperity. Farewell."

Mr Bartley, upon uttering the last word, was visibly affected, and as he slowly left the stage, bouquets were thrown to him. Mr Kean was then loudly called for, and eventually appeared to receive unanimous applause. (*To be continued in our next.*)

THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.

BY JOSEPH EBSWORTH.

Ye warriors and hunters who near me are found,
Lay me down by some rock of my hills;
Where the hazels their branches spread thickly around,
And the broad shady oak, with its rustling sound,
Is heard with the trickling rills.

Come, daughter of Toscar, and raise the loved song,
That soft dreams of my youth may return;
Thy fingers, the strings gently sweeping along,
Will recall to my mind days, when vig'rous and strong,
My soul for the battle would burn.

In visions of night, I oft visit the halls
Of Selma, her towers and trees;
And hear the loud torrent in distance that falls,
When the songs of the bards, from her echoing walls,
Are borne on the wings of the breeze.

From my pillow, ye sons of the chase stand away,
Nor disturb the mild dreams of my rest;
The sun from the hills sheds a lingering ray,
And Ossian, on clouds, with the beams of the day,
Is convey'd to the halls of the blest.

PRINTED BY J. AND W. PATERSON, 90 SOUTH BRIDGE.